

When I Can Read My Title Clear.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in Wall Street,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And corner all the wheat.

Should want against my gold engage
And labor want a job,
Then I can smile at hunger's rage,
And face a frowning mob.

Let fines like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of taxes fall;
I only have to crook my thumb
And labor pays it all.

Then shall I bathe my greedy soul
In seas of Standard Oil,
And watch the unearned profits roll
From out the hands of toil.

Mac Olin, the "Official Fool"

An editor is supposed to know everything, but let me tell you there are some things that even an editor don't know. I discovered that last night in the course of a conversation with Mac Olin. Mac is the Official Fool of the FOOL-KILLER office, and he is the only fool in the world who has nothing to fear from THE FOOL-KILLER. Fact is, I have become somewhat attached to Mac, and have decided to put him on the regular force. He will have the freedom of the office at all hours of the day, with the extra privilege of firing the boss whenever he feels like it.

Mac Olin's father was a soap-peddler and his mother was a witch, and he takes after them both. Talk? Well, I should smile! His talker is equipped with a fountain but no throw-off, and although his mental belt often runs on the slack pulley, his tongue does a rushing business and never asks for a day off. And, after all, some of his fool sayings are wiser than Solomon and funnier than the pictures in "Punch."

Well, as I was saying, Mac Olin came swaggering into my private gold-plated office early last evening, and I could see by the cut of his eye that there was something impending. He deliberately took possession of my best upholstered easy-chair and turned on the music.

"I jest drapped in," says he, "to unload me mind on ye concerning this-here Christian Silence ye've been a-hearing so much about."

"Christian Silence?" says I thoughtfully, "are you sure that's it? Maybe you mean Christian Science."

"Well, mebbly I do," says he. "Whatever it is, I can tell ye it's a good thing. Somebody has been sending me the 'Christian Silent Monster,' published in the city of

Massa-chews-it, in the State of Boston."

I knew Mac had reference to the "Christian Science Monitor," but I remained eloquently silent, and Mac proceeded:

"I've been reading every word of the 'Christian Silent Monster' fer several weeks, and I've larnt more than I ever knowed before. In fact, I'm a full-blooded Christian Silentist with all the latest attachments. Christian Silence is a great developer of the subways of mental confusion, and I feel sorry fer all you shaller-minded folks what ain't got into the transmografyin' light of it all. Why, man, it's all a mistake about there being anything in the world. Also there ain't any world. It just seems to us like there is a world and things in it, and therefore we say they exist, but they don't. It's all a mental delusion. For instance, when the daily papers tell about a train wreck they are just feeding their readers on moonshine. Here is the way the 'Christian Silent Monster' would tell it: 'The alleged passenger train which is supposed to run between the imaginary towns of New Delphia and Philamayork, appeared to fall from a high trestle early yesterday morning, and about fifty alleged passengers who thought they were on the train, were seemingly very much jolted up and buried beneath the imaginary wreckage. The fragments of the supposed passengers were apparently distributed along the track for three hundred yards, and the fool passengers seemed to imagine that they were dead. It is a great pity that people will be led astray by such delusions.'"

"Very edifying," says I when he had finished, "but if everything else is imaginary, isn't it likely that Christian Science is imaginary, too? Maybe you just suppose you believe like you imagine you think you do, and maybe that isn't real, either."

"Oh, yes, Christian Silence is a sure-enough reality, an' it is the only real thing in all this unreal universe. Everything else is imaginary. You take pain, fer example. People are always complaining of having pains in their body. Now that's all nonsense. I ain't had an ache nor pain about me since I begun to be a Christian Silentist. I just believe that there is not any such thing as pain, and therefore I am never bothered with—Oh! murder! What in the devil was that?" he yelled, jumping to his feet and clawing at the seat of his pants.

While stooping to pick up some pieces of manuscript that had fallen to the floor just back of Mac's chair, I had taken advantage of

the opportunity to jab a large brass pin into his chair-warmer.

There was nothing more said about Christian Science at that sitting, and Mac soon led himself out at the back door and faded into the landscape.

Agents Wanted

I want a good hustling Agent at every postoffice to take subscriptions for THE FOOL-KILLER. My terms to Agents are very liberal, and will be sent on application. The name, "FOOL-KILLER," is so odd and unusual that it attracts attention wherever it is shown, and an Agent can easily make several dollars a day. Get my Agents' terms and a bunch of Samples and start to work at once.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON,
Moravian Falls, North Carolina.

Social Maggots

Now while we're waiting for the coffee to cool, I'll just wind up my music-box and play you a few snatches of that grand old hymn called "Socialism." Everybody join in the chorus. We're going to make the rafters ring and the shingles dance to the music. Socialism is more popular among the masses than any other tune I know of. It's on everybody's lips, and those who are not singing its praises are cussing the eternal tar out of it. And I'd be willing to bet my interest in the North Pole that nine out of ten who cackle so big about Socialism wouldn't know Socialism from a load of cross-ties if they met it in the road.

The Socialists dance all around and declare that society is rotten and that they have the remedy. Those who oppose the cult are just as free to tell you that Socialism is a scab on society's sore leg, and that otherwise there is nothing wrong. Now I submit that both of the above statements are a million miles from the truth. If you wait for the question to be settled by either of those rules, you'll be waiting here when the Millennial Express comes tooting in with all the angels on board. What you want to do, gentlemen, is to face the truth squarely and admit that everything is rotten—including Society, Church and State—and that the reeking rottenness of things in general breeds Socialists just as naturally as a decaying carcass breeds maggots. Socialism is neither the disease nor the remedy; it is only a nest of Social Maggots wriggling in the putrid filth of existing conditions.

Heavens alive, Mr. Socialist-Cusser, what are you talking about? If you've got sense enough to melt a hole in snow with hot

water you know that the Socialists have good grounds for the cry they raise against the evils of the "system." On that point they are everlastingly right. They've got the longest lever and the best heel that any set of fools ever had, and if they only had good common sense they might accomplish something in the way of reform. But here they come ripping and snorting down the turnpike of time, like a gang of wild bulls in a hornet's nest, and proposing to do the impossible. They are going to prove that an army of maggots can get into the carcass of a dead horse and bring the horse back to life and health. But that's where they run off their trolley. Most any fool can tell when a horse is dead, but even a wise man can't bring him to life again.

Admitting, then, that there is something devilish rotten up on the headwaters of Society Creek, and that Socialism is not the medicine, what are we to do? Well, now, you've got me. I don't know that there's much of anything we can do only just grin and bear it. The devil seems to have a bulldog's grip on this old world of trouble and tall churches, and there doesn't seem to be much chance of shaking him loose.

People who spend all their time talking about their neighbors are usually not sufficiently intelligent to talk about anything else.

There are thousands of homeless and hungry women and children shivering in the streets of New York these cold winter nights with no place to sleep. And just inside a thousand palace doors there is warmth and light and luxury. And yet there are people who would dare to call New York a civilized city. My God, what nerve!

Perhaps the *Appeal to Reason* has done the country a good service in exposing Judge Grosscup, but I could have more respect for the *Appeal* and its Socialistic gang if they were not so everlastingly inconsistent. Though Grosscup were sevenfold blacker than he is painted, he is only a type of what all men would have to be if Socialism prevailed. Why expose and punish one man for wrecking one home, and then turn right around and establish a system that would wreck every home in the land—a system that would make every man a libertine and every woman a prostitute? That's what Socialism would do, and I double-dare any Socialist to deny it.